

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ya Feel Dat"

[Chorus]

Ya feel dat? (HO!) Ya see dat? (HO!)
Ya hear dat? (HO!) You believe dat? (HO!)
Ya follow dat? (HO!) Could it be dat? (HO!)
Ya follow dat? (HO!) Can you believe dat? (HO!)
Ya hear dat? (HO!) Ya see dat? (HO!)
You believe dat? (HO!) You can feel dat (HO!)
Ya follow dat? (HO!) You believe dat? (HO!)
Ya see dat? (HO!)

Show me an MC that think he's too hot
Bring him to KRS-One, I'll show him he's NOT
Blowin the whole spot up when I spit up
Knowledge Reigns Supreme, when I walk past, get up
My wrists ain't lit up! I don't even live that life
Gold, diamonds, platinum, I give to my wife - you see
Diamonds are a girl's best friend, not mine
You got it, FINE - but what about that rhyme?
Can you rhyme? Can you spit it quick
like watermelon pits at a picnic? Ha!
Or are you just dressed up with nowhere to go?
Or is the record company the pimp and you the ho?
LET'S GO!

[Chorus]

I write my own books like I write my own hooks
Step in the spot and these rappers be so shook
They don't look here cause KRS is BOOM!
Platinum rappers be hidin out in they dressin rooms
Yo, get away from me
You got a million dollar video but I'M the one they wanna see
The capital E-M-C-E-E
A repitition of words, I been divorced Melodie
I'm out, confident, no doubt
I get what I gotta get when I spit I don't shout
This New Yorker, Kris Parker's a quick talker
You can get what I spit or get the klik-klocker
Overseas I got the breeze as a hip-hopper
Where they speak eat and drop the beats proper
Street doctor, I'm (Brown) and (Foxy) like the (III Nana)
Whoever you think is hot, I'm hotter

[Chorus]

RADIO! These suckers never play me
or Chuck - but do you think we really give a...
Southside, Westside, Eastside, North

I spit the hot flame, you get your flesh torn off
I come from that place where you cats can't face
Where cops can't chase or invade my space
We turn up the bass, you tremble in the place
Phones ain't traced and flows we don't waste
Hoes we don't chase or kiss, they know they place
with Kris or Christ, they'll lose their life
You don't lose if you come in two's, you and a wife
But you crews wanna be bruised, so choose your knife
Choose your gat, choose your rat, when the smoke clears
you'll be like, "God damn - who was that?"
Loosen that noose around your neck and back
Embarassin blacks, ain't no respect in that!

[Chorus]

Let's do it! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Everybody up top! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Yo, all my cats in the front! (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Yo, yo, all my cats in the back (HO!) (HO!) (HO!) (HO!)
Yo, we out!